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## Evangelical Visitor- January 15, 1892. Vol. V. No. 2.

Henry Davidson

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# EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

DEVOTED TO THE SPREAD OF EVANGELICAL TRUTHS AND THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post-Office at Abilene, Kansas.

IF YE KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS, YE SHALL ABIDE IN MY LOVE.—*Jesus.*

VOLUME V.

ABILENE, KANSAS, JANUARY 15, 1892. Chas Ditson oct92 NUMBER 2.

## THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

Oh the precious blood of Jesus,  
Cleansing ever,  
On the mercy seat 'tis sprinkled,  
Failing never.  
Through that wondrous blood of Jesus,  
To the center  
Of the Father's presence do we  
Boldly enter.  
From sin's guilt the blood of Jesus  
E'er has freed us :  
Now in risen life o'ercoming,  
He will lead us.  
Through the flowing blood of Jesus,  
Peace is given ;  
We, made nigh, with him are seated  
Up in heaven.  
Through the crimson blood of Jesus,  
And that solely,  
Justified, redeemed, the work is  
Finished wholly.  
All our sins the blood of Jesus  
Out has blotted ;  
Now as washed ones we are hating  
Garments spotted.  
Oh the precious blood of Jesus,  
Fresh and vernal,  
Through the ages shall we sing this,  
Long eternal.  
Ever will the blood of Jesus  
In the glory  
Sound more sweetly like the sweeter  
Golden story.  
Sel. by WM. F. KLIPPERT.  
Stayner, Ont.

## THE COVERING OF THE HEAD.

Paul taught his brethren what to do,  
The sisters he admonished too ;  
Told each in what position to pray,  
And how their heads they should array.  
The man uncovered should appear,  
The woman ought a power to wear ;  
He bids the covering of the head,  
For females he the order laid.  
If, now, that covering be the hair,  
Then females all the covering wear ;  
What need had Paul to give command ?  
What do we from it understand ?  
When Paul saw fit to give command,  
He meant a covering made by hand ;  
In self-denial, sisters, live,  
And orderly may you behave.

The Christian light can not be hid,  
For Christ himself his followers bid,  
How they a shining light should be,  
That others all the light could see.  
You, by your chaste and godly walk,  
At length win praise of those who mock,  
And when they see you self deny,  
Will God the Father glorify.

Selected by DINAH REICHARD.  
Rainham, Ont.

## THE LOWLY HEART.

Father, I know that all my life,  
Is portioned out for me,  
And the changes that are sure to come  
I do not fear to see ;  
But I ask thee for a present mind,  
Intent on pleasing thee.  
I ask thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching, wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And wipe the weeping eyes,  
And a heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do  
Or secret thing to know ;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.  
Wherever in the world I am,  
In what so'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate,  
And a work of lowly love to do  
For the Lord on whom I wait.  
So I ask thee for the daily strength,—  
To none that ask denied—  
And a mind to blend with outward life  
While keeping at thy side,  
Content to fill a little space,  
If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,  
In my cup of blessing be,  
I would have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to thee,  
More careful not to serve thee much,  
But to please thee perfectly.  
There are briars besetting every path,  
That call for patient care ;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer,  
But a lowly heart that leans on thee,  
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which thy will appoints,  
There are no bonds for me,  
For my inmost heart is taught the truth,  
That makes thy children free,  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.

Selected by LYDIA OTEWALT.  
North Hampton, O.

## \*THY KINGDOM COME.

When earth was enveloped in darkness,  
And mists alone covered its form,  
No beauty shone forth for its glory,  
No brightness illumined its morn.  
All dormant ; no knowledge or wisdom ;  
No device in those ages of gloom.  
No sin to corrupt or curse nature ;  
Yea more ! No image of He whom the  
creature must adore.  
The Eternal liveth from ages ;  
No mortal can fathom the goal.  
'Tis vain to search history's pages,  
'Tis only vexation of soul.  
But stay ! Revelation to us  
Would unveil an order of beings.  
Not gods. Not man.  
Angelic hosts through the regions by rea-  
son discarded.  
Forth from those regions of mystical dark-  
ness,  
Cometh a word of power, to wrest asunder  
and bring forth light supreme.  
Light and Life their work must hasten.  
And forth springs in vernal beauty  
A garb for ages in earth's bosom,  
Hidden ; as yet, not unveiled.  
(Ages are but as yesterday  
To Him who from eternity is God.)

O God ! Omnipotent !  
Thou sittest on thy throne,  
Eternal and Immaculate  
Are attributes of Thee.  
A conference by such a being held,  
Who e'er immaculate remains.  
True thus 'twas said :  
"Let us make man,"  
"Our image he shall be."  
"A likeness of our own."  
Upright and pure,  
Divinely formed, yet nature not divine.  
'Tis called a *living soul*.  
One who a king shall be o'er living crea-  
tures all.

\*This article is continued on the second page  
and by a mishap the printer had to finish it on  
the last page.

A creature of intelligence, who honors  
may confer  
On him who such a glorious gift bestows.—  
Life, eternal Life.

Eternal life to creature given ?  
Ah ! Worldly wisdom cannot comprehend  
the gift of God !

In my repose I'm startled !  
I wake to hear the voice of  
My Creator say, "Where art thou ?"  
Spell bound ? 'tis truth indeed.

The serpent has beguiled the soul to sin.

Eternal life now lost ? O God, too true !

The cherubim with flaming sword,  
That tree of life will separate from man.

Until the Paradise of God  
Again's restored in beauty vernal.

Cast off ! No hope.

The penalty for sin is death.

And thus, in dark oblivion,  
Is sunk a kingly glory of a king.

But O ! Did my Creator speak ?  
My soul is filled with rapturous joys.

A promise given in the seed,  
Slight hope indeed.

But with a firm tenacity I cling,  
Until prophetic utterances say :  
"A Ransom. The debt is paid."

Where is the Virgin's son ?  
Where is the Shiloh which shall come,  
Ere power is gone from Judah's tribe ?

Where is the king, who  
To Zion's daughters comes in his apparel  
glorious ?

Kingly lips in vain may utter and confer  
Imaginary glory to our king,  
(The midnight comes ere break of day.)  
Our King, our Counsellor.

Our Mighty God !

To come in garments dyed with blood ?  
The wine press he must tread alone.

I raise my eyes and look  
Beyond the horizon of sensual minds.  
Divinity to flesh transformed,  
The mystery true is great.

A new-born king was seen  
In oriental lands.

Prophetic utterances reached  
The secret chambers of the wise.  
They search the starry firmament  
With eager gaze and anxious mind.

There gleams a star foretold of yore.  
Awake ! Arise, 'twill go before,  
'Twill lead us to the focus of divinity.

A Prophet, Priest and King  
Within a manger laid.

The record is confirmed.  
And this indeed our King ?  
Nay : such an one we naught will own.  
Of royal birth ; of princely line will own.  
One who will sit on David's throne  
In our age ; in our time ;  
'Tis such an one we'll crown.

But who doeth err ?

The Priest ? The Scribe ?

Yea, the Proclaimers of the will,

In partial darkness lingered, till  
The Lord himself an answer sends,  
By mediums as 'twere cloven tongues.  
Oh ! the Pentecostal shower which  
(That sweet blessing may be ours,)  
Binds not wisdom to the rich,  
Nor hides the purpose of this age  
From babe, from suckling, or from sage.

A people must selected be  
From Gentile bands the King to see  
In nature now Divine.  
And though we be sons of God,  
While passing 'neath the chastening rod  
In this sore-evil time ;  
Our hope is firm,  
That in our turn

Our nature is like His.  
When our King blessed will appear,  
Then we with rapture through the air  
Will pass to endless bliss ;  
A moment's time, a twinkling eye,  
Will mark the time of change  
When mortal is not known nor by  
Corruption's line we're gauged.

(The Rock of Ages now is cleft—  
Some shall be taken, some be left.

Oh ! enter while you may.)  
But hark ! Methinks I hear a sound.

'Tis Jubilee the earth around—  
'Tis heard from shore to shore.

Mt Olivet is cleft in twain—  
Mt. Zion is the seat of reign,

War is declared no more.  
He who redeemed from earth shall be,  
From men redeemed on crystal sea

Our glad hosannas sing,  
While nation's which remain on earth,  
Whose sole delight is naught of mirth,  
Glory and honor bring  
Where streets are paved with gold—  
Where gates of pearl unfold  
The city of our King.

An age of bliss eclipse  
The judgment of mankind ;  
When century seals the infant's lips,  
And man age-lasting finds.

'Tis then the children shall not eat  
The fruit of Father's sin.

'Tis then the righteous final meet,  
They then the prize obtain.

But Ah ! there intervenes a veil  
Ere that glad day shall shine :  
Prophetic message will not fail  
Omnipotent design.

#### WORKING FOR JESUS.

It is said that fifty years after the  
death of Jesus there lived an old  
man who had followed Jesus and  
witnessed many of his mighty  
works. He took much pleasure in  
telling his little grandson about  
this man, and about his works.  
He would take the little fellow on

his knee and talk to him about  
the wonderful power of Jesus. I  
saw a man born blind, and Jesus  
touched him and the man saw. I  
saw a man born deaf and Jesus  
touched him and he heard. I saw a  
man with a withered arm, Jesus  
told him to stretch his arm out and  
it was made whole. I saw a wo-  
man who was crooked, touch him  
and she was made straight. One  
day I saw a man with the leprosy  
come and say, "Lord if thou wilt,  
thou canst make me clean." And  
he knelt before Jesus who said, "I  
will, be thou clean," and the man  
was healed and went on his way re-  
joicing. But the greatest work I  
ever saw him do for others, was to  
raise the dead. His friend Lazarus  
died and was buried four days be-  
fore Jesus came to the place. He  
called for the two sisters, Mary and  
Martha, and they with their friends  
went to the grave. Jesus prayed  
and then said : "Take ye away the  
stone." I was standing near the  
grave, and stooping down helped to  
roll away the stone. Then He called  
for Lazarus to come forth, and the  
dead came forth. Then Jesus said,  
"Loose him, and let him go." And  
with these hands I took the napkin  
from his face, and unbound the  
cords from his hands and feet, and  
restored him to his friends. Oh it  
was a great day in that home,"  
and so the old man would talk, and  
his greatest comfort seemed to be  
that he had taken part in the work.  
And this will be your comfort, help  
Jesus, do something for Jesus, the  
victory will be yours, the blessing  
will be humanity's, the glory will be  
God's.

Perchance in heaven, one day to me  
Some blessed saint will come and say,  
All hail ! beloved, but for thee  
My soul to death had fallen a prey.  
And oh, what rapture in the thought  
One soul in glory to have brought.

A Protest Against Worldliness in  
the church was made in New York  
on Sunday, June 30, by the Rev.  
Charles Spurgeon, a son of Pastor  
C. H. Spurgeon, whose sermons are  
published every week in this jour-

nal. Mr. Spurgeon preached in the Baptist Church of the Epiphany, and in the course of his sermon he said: We too often find a taste for the world and its pleasures in our homes that ought not to exist there. I would rather have the severity of the days of the Puritans than the looseness of the nineteenth century. We must keep our churches pure like our homes. Too many of our churches have come to be nothing better than a den of thieves. If Christ was on earth to-day He would have use for a scourge, as he did when he turned the money-changers out of the temple. The house of God is now frequently turned into something like a play-house for the professed object of helping in religious work. Many ministers yield to the temptation of cutting and trimming the truth to suit the fashion of people. What we must do is, keep the Church pure."—The Christian Herald.

#### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL, ITS VALUE TO THE FAMILY, THE CHURCH AND THE STATE.

This subject is so very full that, when I approach it I feel like a boy with a ripe June apple in his hand; the question is where to bite to get the most juice—where to take hold of the subject. He is ready to bite, but where to take hold, is the problem. That is my situation. The subject is so tremendous: "The Sunday School, its value to the family, the Church and the State."

Entering into all life in all its phases, where shall we begin with it? Let us begin with the children. What a singularly refining influence it has on a child. I will not draw on story books, but will tell you of a boy in my Sunday School, who came first about six months ago and brought the dirtiest face and roughest hair I ever looked at; and I put him on the front seat in the infant class, but the children did not care to sit near him. The Sunday School teacher laid great stress that day on cleanliness, and with

some effect, for the next Sunday he came again, but somewhat cleaner. In a few weeks there was not a cleaner face in all the School. One day the Superintendent said he would like to have every boy come with a Bible in his hand, when the children were going: the little fellow said to the Superintendent: "Give me a Bible." And every Sunday since that, that little fellow has come to Sunday School with his Bible in his hand. This boy is one of a multitude; cleanliness, manfulness, nobleness, religiousness are the steps that a child neglected at home naturally takes upward under right religious Sunday School training.

We pass to Sunday School influence on the family. The influence over the family by the Sunday School, through children, is tremendous. The children generally take home their lessons; they say strange wondrous things that the family never heard before. I am speaking of families that are not church-goers.

A little red-headed, bullet-headed boy in the infant class read the lesson about two bad boys who grew up to be very wicked men, and on their account a great evil happened to all Israel, and he went home and his little sister was crying and he said to his mother: "You had better stop that child's crying;" and then said to his little sister: "My teacher says you had better stop crying—don't you remember that old man that come to grief? You might fall off that stool." The lessons were brought home. It is singular how they can teach in the family—it is simply wonderful how they catch the truth, how it comes to their minds as a reality, how they take it into their minds and make it a little sermon, and how they talk it right out in the family.

In St. Louis, on Spruce street or somewhere in that neighborhood, a Sunday School was established and for some time the Superintendent, although he worked hard, met with little success. Afterward I met him and asked him how the work was

progressing, and he said: "Do you see that saloon there? That saloon was closed by one of the children of my Sunday School. The child carried the tracts home and showed them to the father, and to avoid the evil influence and keep the child from it, gave up the saloon!" On one occasion, speaking in a Sunday School for prohibition, I said that if any of the children had parents who keep saloons, close them. In two or three weeks after that, I heard a saloon-keeper had sold his saloon, and the reason was that he could not bear the keeping of a saloon on account of the influence on the child. Thus in manifold ways it excites a practical influence on the family.

In our city is a certain street, the residents of which are of the lowest and very worst character. It is a pretty hard neighborhood, and this I speak of was the hardest part of it. Some few months ago, the mother of a young woman who is preparing for missionary work, undertook to make up and teach a Bible class composed of the very roughest. I went down to address the Sunday School, and was greeted with "Pull down your vest!" and "Wipe off your chin!" etc, twenty, thirty or fifty saying that; boys who had pistols stuck in their hip-pockets; boys and young men who were dangerous to encounter in the streets at night. I confess I was bothered. I just walked down from that platform and taking hold of a little Arab, shook him heartily and told him to keep quiet; then I got a chance to say a few things, which were greeted by a "hip! hip! hurrah!" and a "tiger." Mark the change in a few months! Last Sunday morning at my Bible class there were about a dozen of those roughs present. They had their hair combed and their clothes were clean, and they looked up into my face as if to say: "Here we are, Sir!" Here they were all of them, and what was the effect upon the family? a leavening power, full of positive practical results.



I pass to the item—"Its value to the Church."

Look at our foreign missionaries! Going out to those foreign countries and preaching to the heathen; and one after seven years getting one convert, and now the Gospel is spreading over all the world with a startling rapidity of power. This impetus comes chiefly through the Sunday School.

Do you know what a man will do when he wants to start a mission? He goes out and rents a house or a big room in which he watches for the children that are going by, and starts a Sunday School. I remember one afternoon a gentleman told me this story. He said he was going out into Arkansas—I don't know how to pronounce that word, Arkansas or Arkansaw. This gentleman went down into that country hunting. He struck a neighborhood back among the hills where there were no churches or Sunday School; so he thought as he would be there when Sunday came that he would get a little Sunday School started. So he did; and he got twenty or thirty together by the next Sunday and organized a little Sunday School. This was two years ago, I think. What are the results? He told me that now, in that neighborhood, they have built a Church, and the good work goes on. In almost every instance church congregations begin with Sunday School.

I tell you the best plan to build up churches is, by first starting Sunday Schools. He is a wise minister who, aware of the fact, gathers the Sunday School children in and gathers them early.

Now thirdly—"The value to the State."

I mean this great and glorious America. I sometimes thank God that I am living now and not many years hence. There are perils now growing up in our country frightful to contemplate. Glance at the great money power of this great country. Think of Vanderbilt worth his two hundred millions of dollars and over. Think of the tre-

mendous power wielded by such a vast capital.

Talk of slavery! There was in old times slavery, but it was not so merciless as the slavery of the poor to this money-power.

"The love of money is the root of all evil." In the city of St. Louis during the past week, I heard of young ladies of the highest social standing going to races every day and betting on horses, when they hardly knew a horse from a cow. I heard of them carrying out money and coming back with empty pockets. I heard of boys coming back with money made by gambling. Right opposite a dry goods store is a pool-room; a gentleman says to me that he sees every day from his window boys from ten to fifteen years old, with their cash, money earned in this very store, betting it there.

I call on you as Christian people, and decent people, and respectable people, wherever you see this great and direful curse of America growing—I call on you to put your foot on it as a great peril to our country: the making haste to get rich by fair or foul means.

I ask you this question: Where will you learn on the face of the earth the remedy for this great evil of gambling? Will you learn it from the pulpit? Will you learn it in the families?

I will tell you where you will learn it: In the Sunday School room where you put the Gospel of Christ in the heart of the child. The power will anticipate the great temptation and save the man.

Glance at the perils of intemperance. I always feel like shaking hands with the women. They have gone in for all they are worth to resist this evil of the nineteenth century. Their intuitions are strong, their heads are clear on all moral questions, and their energies unbounded.

The evil of intemperance through them is getting to be largely restrained. There is another evil—the use of opium and morphine. I

heard a physician in court declare he had a number of chloroform patients, and some of them were the best ladies in that vicinity.

Only one thing more I will say: If the State is saved, it is to be, not altogether indeed, but largely saved through the Sunday School.

I can only add this: while we are working in our humble way, let us remember that we are working not only for moral reform, but for the salvation of souls, and the last day when the trumpet shall sound, may the great God call us forward up the golden steps and receive us with the welcome. "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."—Sel.

#### AN IMPOTENT CONSCIENCE.

That safe-guard to the soul, which shows us right from wrong, is often disregarded.

A steam-boat going at full speed approached a bridge. The pilot saw that the draw was not open, and rang his bell to have the engines reversed. There was ample time to bring the vessel to a stand, if the signal had been obeyed. But, in spite of it, the boat went crashing through the bridge, causing great damage and much peril. Though as it happened, no actual loss of life. It was found afterward that the bell-wire was broken, so that the bell did not ring in the engineer's room. Something like this often happens to that safe guard of our soul which we call conscience. It gets disordered in one way or another, and doesn't work. A danger is perceived. We see plainly the course we ought to take. Conscience warns us that we are on the wrong road. Why don't we stop, and turn into the way we know is safe? Because conscience has lost its power. In the engine room of our ship of life, where will presides, the voice of conscience is unheard, or if heard at all, is unheeded. Instead of being recognized and regarded, as it ought to be, it has become impotent. Paul speaks in one place of people having

their conscience "seared as with a hot iron," and in another place of those who are "past feeling," which is only a different way of saying the same thing. The instinct that tells us to do what is right, and to shun what is wrong, is one of the highest faculties of the human soul. Like all our powers, both of body and mind, it may be blunted and withered and deadened until it is practically lost. Youth is the time to watch against and avert this awful disaster.

We cannot too carefully cherish the first and quick sensitiveness which gives to conscience its proper mastery, and causes it to be obeyed as God's own voice speaking in the heart of man.

Selected by ANNIE ESHELMAN.

#### RELIGIOUS VIOLENCE NEEDED.

Observation assures us that nine tenths of the members of the various orthodox churches are not as deeply moved for the salvation of souls as the necessities of the case and the interests at stake demand. We are not going to scold or find fault with anybody. But, dear readers, pause for a moment, and with us contemplate the situation. All around us are scores and hundreds of unsaved sinners. Some of them are neighbors—men, women and children with whom we associate and are on terms of friendly intercourse. They are good neighbors, kind and obliging, but they are unsaved; and every day, as it passes, renders the probability and the possibility of their ever being saved less and less. In a few years they and we will pass into eternity; and if they are not converted and saved, we will meet them in their unsaved condition at the judgment-seat of Christ! This is an awful thought! Can it be that any of these kind neighbors will stand before the judgment bar of God unsaved? And if they do so stand, can we meet them there and call Heaven to witness that while living neighbors to them in this world, we did all we could to

bring them to Christ? One thing is certain, if we would be able to so meet them at the judgment, some of us must do more in the way of trying to constrain them to become Christians than we are doing. Brother, sister, take this matter in hand; think it over. go to your closet, and there, on your knees, alone with God, ask him to help you to lead your unconverted neighbors to Christ.

Jesus, when in the flesh, said: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth (permitteth) violence, and the violent (men) take it by force." The trouble today is, there is not enough violent effort put forth by the ministry and membership of the church to compel sinners to come to Christ for salvation. In the parable of the supper Christ represents himself as commanding his followers to go out into the streets and lanes of the cities and compel them to come in. There is not enough of this holy, *violent*, religious, loving compelling put forth upon the part of Christians to bring sinners to Christ. The professed followers of the Lord are too much hampered in their efforts to save others by "rules of propriety." The danger and the worth of souls are not weighing upon the hearts and consciences of the churches as they should be.

The writer was much impressed by a statement made in the city ministerial meeting a few days ago, by the venerable Father Herr, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now up in the eighties, and who for more than fifty years was an active, efficient itinerant. He said that when a student in college, he and a fellow-student, both of whom had been converted a day or two previous, were so impressed with the importance of then and there securing the conversion of a fellow-student that they took hold of him, one on either side and by a kindly, holy violence, prompted by an intense desire for the salvation of the soul of a fellow-student, partly persuaded and partly compelled him to go along to the meeting, despite

his persistently exclaiming, "Oh, let me alone; 'Ephraim is joined to his idols;' it is no use, let me alone." But by sticking to him, encouraging him, and praying with and for him, after three days he was happily converted to God, and became one of the most able and efficient ministers of that church in Ohio, and gave his entire life to the work.

Here was a holy violence exercised by two young converts, intent on securing the conversion and salvation of a fellow-student; and God honored and blessed it so that it ultimated in giving to the church a minister who devoted fifty years of active, efficient service to the work of spreading the Gospel and saving souls.

Now, what would be the effect upon the church, upon our cities, upon the world, upon immortal souls, for time and for eternity, if only five or six in every religious congregation throughout the United States were seized with this same spirit of genuine, holy, religious violence? How the churches would be stirred! How many souls would be converted! How the ranks of the devil's army would be broken and scattered! How the cause of Christ would be built up! Brethren, sisters in the Lord, pray for the divine induement, for this pervading, constraining spirit of religious violence; and then visit your unconverted neighbor, and violently—that is, with great earnestness and love—constrain him to come to Christ for salvation. If you do not, he may meet you in the judgment and charge his damnation to your neglect.

#### GOING ON TO SOMETHING.

"Therefore leaving the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works and of faith toward God." Heb. 6, 1.

To-day in the church of God we need skilled men—men who know, men who understand, men who have not theories, but practical knowledge. There is a great complaint



in our individual churches today because we have not more workers, because we have not more men and women who are skilled in the use of the word of righteousness. To many a professed follower of Jesus Christ the sword of the Spirit is but a rusted blade. Why is it? What is the reason? Paul answers the question plainly: "For every one that useth milk is unskillful in the word of righteousness, for he is a babe. But strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil. Therefore leaving the first principles of the doctrines of Christ, let us go on unto perfection."

Let us leave the first principles and go on, not go on haphazard, but on to something, and that something *perfection in Christ*, leaving the first principles and yet taking them with us. The school-boy has mastered his first book in mathematics, Addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division in turn have all been completed, and he throws the book into the corner and takes a stride on; he leaves the first principles of mathematics and goes on to perfection, and yet these first principles are taken with him, for they are the keys to a perfect knowledge.

So in the Christian life we learn the first principles of Christianity. We take the first step, and, though weak and trembling those first steps may be, it must be those first steps that are to lead us on to perfection. We are over the line; let us not stop, but go on—to something. He that has nothing in this life in view to labor for will get just what he has in view—nothing.

Many of us as Christians never become graduates, never go on to perfection, but are simply satisfied to be forgiven, to join the church, and in time to be "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease." We need in our churches today men and women who are going on and on to something; men and women who

expect in the great graduation day to receive a full diploma from the great Master—"Well done." Is not the great need of our churches today men and woman who are feeding upon the strong meat of the Word of God? Have we not too many babes in our churches, too many who for years have been droning with the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, when they should have been going on unto perfection? They were born into the kingdom of God as babes in Christ; they lived as babes, and now after forty years of Christian life have passed away they are still babes. They still need to be fed upon the milk of the Word; they still need to be carefully nursed by those who have taken strong meat and grow toward perfection, when they should be valiant warriors for the cross. And it is not wholly their fault, for there are too many who stand as leaders of the people who are able to give to their flock nothing but milk. Our churches have been dieted until they are weakened and in some cases dead altogether. Let us seek to have fewer cripples and babes. Let us go on to perfection. Let us go on. Let us know, *know*. If there are babes in our flocks, let us use all wisdom in leading them out into the work, that through exercise they may come to have appetite for strong meat and grow to be perfect men and women in Jesus Christ.—Sel.

#### PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

Amos. 4, 12.

Prepare is to get ready; meet is to come in contact with. Now God, is he whom every one of us must meet sooner or later, and by nature we are not prepared to meet God—to hear the welcome words, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord. But God in his love to man has given us a plan of salvation. If therefore, we forsake sin and become converted, and our sins are blotted out, and we receive the seal of adoption by knowing our sins are forgiven; that,

God's spirit beareth witness with our spirit, then we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. My testimony is, that I believe the spirit of God is with and in the brethren, and I know I love them as I think the doctrine they advocate is in accordance with Christ's Gospel.

I am a firm believer of all the ordinances, baptism by immersion, feet-washing in a literal sense and communion to be administered from one to another. I also agree fully with the kiss of charity, and think in greeting in this way, should always mean to say, my lips shall not speak evil against a brother to any one in his absence; but in this I am not fully established yet, but by the help of God, I wish to learn and become more perfect. Pray for me and my family.

J. B. BRENNEMAN.

For the Evangelical Visitor.  
LIGHT.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Matt. v, 14.

What could we do in this world without a light? Nothing whatever. If God had not created the sun to give light and warmth upon this earth, nothing of the vegetable nor the animal kingdom could exist, or thrive. Hence, light is of great importance. By the influence of the warmth and the light of the sun upon the trees, shrubs, herbs and plants, they attain to a dimension, beauty and perfection which they otherwise would not attain.

Light has also a great influence upon the human system. It is one of the best and greatest health renovators that exists. Deprive an invalid of light, and he will pine away and die; but let him enjoy the warmth and the light of the sun, and he will soon show signs of recovery.

Light is also indispensable in the pursuit of our daily calling. Without light we would not be able to discern one object from another. Neither would we be able to enjoy life in its fullest sense, nor behold

nature with all its charming beauty without its illumination.

From the light and heat of the sun, the great illuminator of the earth, the human family has and does enjoy great and innumerable blessings. Nevertheless, all those blessings which the human family has and does enjoy from the light of the sun will sink into insignificance and are nothing in comparison to the blessings which the human family has received, and does enjoy from the true light, which is Christ. John says: "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." And again we read in Matt. iv, 16. "The people which sat in darkness, saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up." Thus, we see, that although men may enjoy the light of the sun, yet, after all be in darkness, darkness which may be felt; in gross darkness; even darker than the darkness of Egypt.

The light of the sun will penetrate every available space, and it will also reveal the minutest object to our view. So Christ, the sun of righteousness, who by His spirit will reveal unto us all the evils of our heart. And as darkness flees when the sun arises in the morning, and is nowhere to be found, so sin with its dire consequence and darkest form, will flee from the heart when Christ the true light enters therein.

The earth, through the influencing power of the light and heat of the sun, being watered by the rain and the dews of heaven, will bring forth wholesome and delicious fruit, for the comfort and the sustenance of mankind. So when Christ the sun of righteousness enters the heart He will influence the children of men to such a degree, that they will bring forth "Fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God." Phil. i, 11. Not only so, but, they will also become according to our subject, "the light of the world"

and as "a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

The question therefore might arise, in what way are we to be "the light of the world?" The Savior says: "let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Thus we see, that it is by our works that we are to be a "light to the world." Again we read in John, "the night cometh, when no man can work." Life is the only time. We have no promise of tomorrow. "Today if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts." Heb. iii, 7, 8.

Thus we can be a light, by obeying and esteeming very highly the commandments of God, and we ought even to shudder at the thought of deviating from them in the least degree. We are to be a light of the world by being a separate people, by not indulging in those things that are not expedient for the children of God, by speaking the truth, each and every one of us to his neighbor, by being punctual and honest in our business transactions. We are to be a light to those who are shipwrecked in life. To those who frequent the ale house, and who reel to and fro upon the street, and often roll in the gutter; we are to be a light unto such, by "abstaining from the very appearance of evil." We are to be a light to those who do not attend divine service nor the Sabbath School, by attending those means of grace ourselves as regular as possible. We are to be a light by bringing "up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it," Prov. ii, 6. "for as a twig is bent the tree is inclined." We are to be a light, by being kind and sociable to all with whom we come in contact. By speaking a kind and cheering word to the erring. By greeting one another with a cheerful countenance. By loving one another fervently, yea, by being kind and good to all especially to those that are of the household of faith. We are to be

a light of the world, by keeping our body in subjection, especially our tongue, that unruly member, that it speaks no unpleasant or unbecoming word, that we let no vain or vulgar language proceed out of our mouth, that we act not as a tale-bearer or as a babbler, and thus wound our brethren; for "the serpent will bite without enchantment; and a babbler is no better," Ec. x, 11; but, "let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt," and again "the words of a wise man's mouth are gracious."

CHARLES BAKER.

Nottawa, Ont.

### DEVOTION.

My mind often dwells on this subject, and when I think of the devoted bible characters, and try to compare my devotions with theirs, mine will vanish into insignificance so that there seems to be nothing left to compare. And why? Surely not because I do not desire to be devoted, neither because it is not my privilege to be. But is it possible that with the desire, and privilege, we can still fall short of our purpose? We think it is, but only when we fail to draw our supply from the fountain head. Oh that we could always remember this and keep close to the fountain. My mind has been arrested with some of the advice given to the young folks in the VISITOR, Oct. 15th, as to how they should conduct themselves in public worship, and especially during prayer. And we could not but conclude, that if every church member would follow that style of behavior during worship, but more especially during prayer, we would become so devoted, there would be little use for revivals. When once God's church throughout becomes zealous of good works then surely the sinner will see the error of his way.

May God speed the day, is my prayer.  
A Sister.

Love is the crowning virtue of the religion of Jesus Christ, the spring from which the whole mighty river flows.



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Abilene, Kansas, Jan. 15, 1892.

**THOUGHTS ON THE REVIVAL WORK AT BELL SHRINGS, KAN.**

What an army of workers for God will the recent revival service at Bell Springs bring into the field if they all prove faithful. One hundred and twenty-five or more in one rural neighborhood and this too within the short period of four weeks. Starting out in the Master's work are young men and women, old men and women and boys and girls all together; leaving in a radius of five miles around the church but few advocates of sin. What a blessing to that community! What a joy to the old servants of the Lord there! What a grand choice have those dear souls made who have just started for the kingdom.

But now comes the decisive step; it is one thing to step over the line on the Lord's side; it is another thing to go on in the service of the

Lord. No doubt bright evidences of conversion have taken place, but if the work stops there it will avail nothing. No good will come from all the labor, time, sighs, tears, and prayers that have been offered up to God, by parents and friends and neighbors, as well as the labor, and pleadings, and warning and admonitions, of the servants of God who labored so faithfully there. But is it necessary that any should go back or that any should give up the work? Surely not. God said to the children of Israel, "go forward" and in faith they ventured. So too he says to every child of God; "to every honest inquirer after truth" and so too he says: "to you who have so recently set out in the service of the master." If you have not fully attained to the knowledge of the pardon of your sin; go forward. God will help you. God will give you the victory, and rest assured that no good thing will he withhold from them who walk uprightly.

If you have received the evidence of acceptance then duties of another kind present themselves. You need a home in the visible church, where you can attend to the ordinances of the house of the Lord, and surely the same God will lead you. He has said: "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." God's word must always be your guide; remember it is not as people say but as the Lord says. Sometimes distracting thoughts come in and we can hardly decide. Then again the question comes up, where shall we make our home? Well in this we have the same rule, the same *infallible guide*. Take that and go forward. Let not man's opinion prevail, let not self or selfish motives prompt you to choose, let no one deceive you, let no man persuade you against the word of the Lord.

Very often we are prompted to act or to choose because others of our friends have made choice in that way, but that should not be the question. The fact is here that

there is but one way and Christ is that way. He says: "I am the way, the truth and the life," and no man cometh to the Father but by me. Again and again the question presents itself, where shall we make our home. We would reply, where God leads you, where God has lead you.

You have no doubt realized in the last several weeks that the Lord was with you in leading you to seek your help where you met from time to time; why not make that your choice. You believe that God was there, that he powerfully blessed those that met there and it was at that place and among those people that the Lord so visibly manifested his power. Then again the principles they maintain are certainly Bible principles; the doctrine they teach is Bible doctrine; the ordinances they practice are Bible ordinances; and certainly no one should expect to get to heaven in any other way. It is true, others may want to show an easier way, and like the disobedient and rebellious Israelites on their journey to the promised land, said, "ye, Moses and Aaron, ye take too much upon you," seeing the people are already Holy. So sometimes do people say that the way is not so narrow as some people try to make it; but Jesus says: "the way is narrow that leadeth unto life," and let us assure you that it is only to the faithful and true that the promise is.

We would in concluding this article say to you dear friends, you have made a wise choice to step over the line; it is certainly the only safe step you could make, and now follow the Lord fully. Do not make simply a pretence. Do not stay too near the line of sin, get nearer to God, to Christ; take up the cross wholly, "do not drag it," make your choice among the humble people of God, obey him in all his teachings, seek to grow in grace and in the knowledge and love of God, and He will sustain. But again you have had seasons of blessed enjoyments together during the time of your continued meet-

ings, and if you are faithful this is only the beginning of your enjoyment. Much more is in store for you. "Still there's more to follow." Why not continue to enjoy the blessings together? Surely there is room for all, and the more united you are the better it will be for all. There should be no distractive influence or no attempt at separation. You remember the Proverb, "United we stand, divided we fall." This holds good in more conditions than one; it holds good in the nation, it is true in the church. Jesus says: "a house divided against itself cannot stand."

But why should we continue this line of thought further? No doubt you are considering your duty, choose the best, act promptly, act surely, act as you may wish you had done when you are called to appear before Him who knoweth the secrets of all hearts, and may the very God of peace sanctify you wholly. When you are rightly equipped and have fully surrendered yourself to God and his direction, He has much laid up in store for you and a wide field of usefulness will be open before you. May you enter the field and work for the Master, and great is the reward of the faithful.

We had hoped that with this issue we could report the result of the effort made to secure the subscriptions to the Press fund; but we have received returns from only a few Districts. But so far they are favorable. Some Districts no doubt did not act so promptly and in some others it requires more time to make the visit. We hope by February 1st to be able to give returns from nearly all. We would however say, make thorough work before you report and we hope for the best.

The subscriptions for the VISITOR are coming in quite freely for which we are thankful, but we trust they will not stop until all have paid up. We need every dollar to meet our

obligations. One dollar to the subscriber may not seem to be much but our means to meet our indebtedness is made up of small amounts and unless we do receive all that can pay, we cannot satisfy the claims that others hold against us.

#### BENEVOLENT FUND.

S. P. Nunnemaker, \$5.00

For the Evangelical Visitor.

#### THE SPIRITS IN PRISON.

In the VISITOR of November 15th, appeared a short piece under the above caption that stopped incomplete, leaving the reader in expectation of more to follow: but by reason of its visionary character and doubtful authenticity, objections have been urged against it, therefore, the remaining part is withheld.

C. STONER.

Polo, Ill.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

#### ADVICE.

To all the friendly readers of the VISITOR. I hear some complain they have trouble in keeping their dried fruit free of worms. I put my dried fruit in small pokes, then I have large pokes of close made goods, something like ticking, and put all the small pokes into the large ones and always keep the pokes well tied. If you dry your fruit in the sun, always heat the fruit before you put it away. Try it and you can thank God for the plan, so likewise lay up treasures in heaven where neither moth corrupt, nor thieves break through nor steal. Dear children and all, may you look forward to a happy New Year, is the wish of a weak one, and your well wisher.

MRS. ANNA MYERS.

Upton, Pa.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

#### THE SPIRIT AND THE WORD.

"These things have I spoken unto you being yet present with you." But the comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name; he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remem-

brance, whatsoever I have said unto you." John xiv, 25, 26.

It seems that no part of the New Testament was written at the time Christ spoke these words, and that he referred to the outpouring of the spirit, which did not occur until some days after His crucifixion, resurrection and ascension.

It is estimated from the time indicated in the writings of the New Testament, that the entire book was not completed until nearly a hundred years after Christ's death. Hence, being cut off from the Old Testament, and without the New, the only leading or guidance the early church had was by the spirit; and since John, the Revelator, declared that the Book is sealed, we conclude that there is reason to believe that the church of today has no spirit guidance; but that we are to find the spirit in the written word. No doubt, he who reads the written word with an honest purpose will find the spirit in the word. As an evidence of the unity of the word and the spirit, Paul says, "Take the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God"; and again in his admonition to Timothy, he says, "Preach the word, be instant in reason and out of reason." We have no right to preach anything else. "The gifts of God are without repentance." We need make no excuse for holding up the word of God at any time or place, where men will listen.

There are different things said of the spirit, which have now been embodied in the written word, which we would not take to mean one and the same thing. Among these are: first, that "he will convict the world of sin, of righteousness and judgment." Second, as a "comforter." We should not expect Him as a comforter until we have obeyed Him. Third, as a "witness," "seal," or "abiding." We would understand by these latter expressions, something that is finished, approved or fixed.

I. D. HALDEMAN.

Topeka, Kansas.

God is love.



For the Evangelical Visitor.  
MY EXPERIENCE.

I feel like writing a few lines for the Visitor. It is but a short time since I have started out to serve the Lord. It was in September, that I gave myself up. I felt when I was quite young that I should live a better life, but I thought I was too young, and so I went on in sin, till I was sixteen years old. The Lord rested his hand very heavy on me. He laid me on the bed of affliction and there I promised him if he would spare my life a little while longer, I would give my heart to him; but as soon as I was able to be up, it was soon forgotten again, and I went on in sin worse than I ever had been before.

Many a night I spent my time in the pleasures of this world, and when it was over, and I was almost tired out, and would get home on my bed I was afraid to close my eyes for fear that I would have to open them in hell, and I would promise the Lord if he would spare my life I would try and spend my time at better places than in the ball room. But that was soon forgotten again and the next opportunity, I was just as willing as ever, and finally I wandered so far away from God that there was no fear whatever. I could come home and go right to sleep. The enemy had me so far that I did not fear that death would overtake me. And so I went on over five years, served the devil with all my strength, till I heard that some of our companions had made a start. I thought, Ah well, they just think they are so much better now than I am. But I soon got over that, and thought if they felt they should do so it was very nice, but I would not. I was not ready yet. But it wasn't long till the Lord laid his hands very heavy on me again; but the enemy was so busy, making me believe that there is no way for me any more, that I had wandered so far away from God that there was no mercy for me any more, and telling me

that I was just as good as this or that one and they are enjoying themselves and why can't you? But I could not rest. There was something in my way, I was afraid if I would make a start I could not hold out. I felt that I should get up in prayer-meeting and just ask God's children to pray for me, but I thought I could not do that so I went on a few weeks in a terrible condition, wishing many times that I had never been born into this world. But the Lord still strove harder with me, he would not let me rest day nor night. But still I thought there was no way for me; everything appeared dark before me and I could see no way through. I also had such a desire to go to the love-feast; it was at my uncles, and there my companions got baptized, and oh how I wished if I could only go with them. But I thought there was no way for me ever to get so far. So I came home again from the love-feast, weary and heavy laden, burdened down with sin, I thought if there was only a way for me I would be willing to do what the Lord wants me to do, so a few days after the love-feast the prayer-meeting was at our place and so my sister made a start, and I also broke the bands that held so hard, and I received a blessing and had it good for awhile. Then the Lord showed me to put away some of my pride. There the enemy was standing right before me, but I thought I promised the Lord that I would do what he wants me to do, so I prayed for a will that I might become willing to do his will. But there was still something in my way, and I rather stood still again and there the enemy had a strong hold on me. He made me believe that there was no way for me to get through I would better give up all together and I got so far that I thought I was better out of the world and that I was only a disgrace to those around me and several times was almost persuaded to take my life. I, several times, while the others were out in the

field to work, went to the barn in a way that I thought no one could see me, in such a condition that I never expected ever to see my father, or mother or my dear brothers and sisters any more; but when I got there, there was some one spoke to me in such a way that there was no hope for any one that taketh their own life, I looked around, and could see no one but the voice came down from above, so I went back into the house again, and tried to ease myself in the best way I could, and so I went on for several months in that condition not knowing what to do. So that spring one of our neighbors died so sudden, without a moment's warning, and a voice came to me, if I would not give myself up now I would be called away in the same way; that I would not have time to say "God be merciful to me a sinner," and it brought a fear upon me, I did not want to be lost and still thought I had such a hard way of coming right. But I prayed to the Lord if he would have mercy on me I would serve him the remainder of my days; let it go in the world as it will. So a few days after the love-feast was in our neighborhood. Sunday forenoon I was at home, and my little sister was staying with me. I could hardly wait till all the folks had gone away that I could get a chance to read. First of all I got the Bible, and then my hymn book, and then the Visitor, and so I was reading and singing and sometimes I would go aside for a few minutes and pray to the Lord. I spent my time from nine o'clock till about two in the afternoon, and I had it so good all that day and for a few weeks after that, and then I heard that some were going to be baptized, and expected that my sister younger than I would also be baptized; and then the enemy tried to make me believe that I would better not try any more, for my sister did not want me along, or she would wait for me, for I knew that if I would obey I had to go the same way she had to go. The Lord also showed me

that I should go and make my wrongs right. I made right what he wanted me to, and I received a blessing. So I obeyed in one thing after the other, till the Lord saw that I was humbled enough. He pardoned all my sins, and oh how I did rejoice, I enjoyed more in that one day than in all my life time before. Old things have passed away, and what I hated before I now love, and what I loved before I now hate. I felt such a love for the Christian people, for such that I thought were trying to do what was right. Tongue can not express the love that was shed abroad in my heart. But I can say that I have failed many a time since I set out to serve him and do not live so near to him as I should, or as I would desire to. But I have still a strong desire to go on although it is often in weakness and trembling. There are many trials and temptations to pass through in this world, but if we are steadfast till our end, we have that hope of a better home than this, where there is no sickness, trials, or temptations to go through. I have also had many happy reasons, since I set out to serve him.

I would also say a few words to the unsaved. You who are going the downward road to ruin, how can you rest, how can you close your eyes in sleep, not knowing but that before the dawning of another day you may be called away to give an account of the deeds done here? Oh poor sinner, just stop for a moment. Pause and think of what you are doing. How do you feel when you hear of, or are called to witness the funeral of a departed friend or relative whom you hold dear; gone forever either to endless bliss or eternal punishment. Does it cause you to say within yourself, "O! if it were I, what would be my portion? how would it be between me and my God?" Does it effect you, or are you heedless of all this and never think of death or judgment? If so may God have mercy on your poor, dying soul.

Sooner or later we must all appear before the judgment bar of God whether prepared or not prepared. How many without a moment's warning fall dead. Or how many leave their homes to seek pleasure and meet with some fatal accident and do not return home alive.

Dear friends I would then say, before you again close your eyes in slumber, pray to God to show you the danger and give you a willing heart to serve him is my prayer. I would ask all those that know the worth of prayer to pray for me.

FANNY HUNSPERGER.

Hespeler, Ont.

January 3, '92.—This cold winter day as I was seated in my warm, comfortable room my thoughts being many, go out for the poor throughout the land that are not perhaps so well provided with food and raiment as I am this morning. I felt to thank God anew for his manifold blessings that I received at his hand ever since I had a being in the world. I picked up the *Visitor* to read and saw that the experiences once so freely given were not in its columns and it somewhat struck me that I never gave in mine. When I have reason in so many ways not to forget my first love, I will go short for it will occupy too much space.

I had to battle two ways. The Lord called me very young but not heeding his call yet many prayers were offered up in my behalf by praying parents, I looked forward for a better time, a little pleasure of this world—sad mistake I made, real pleasure never come. Dear young readers never look for a better time, than just when the Lord calls you, the first time he will afford us true pleasure. In my 24th year the Lord called me again. I felt this was my last calling. I was then living in a little village away from parents and friends. I was called to stand alone, my husband being no professor of any kind and I was afraid

to approach him but I could not keep still. First of all the Lord told me I should ask a blessing at the table; his mother lived with us and O how was I to overcome. I knew not my prayers were many. I asked the Lord to remove my task but the Lord told me to obey. I wanted to be ashamed of Jesus. Well at last I broke the bond, God helping me. My husband said it was no use but if that would satisfy me I should go ahead. O it was a cross. The Lord showed me that I must give up all if I want to follow him. Lay aside pride and foolish talk and jesting and be clothed with the garment of righteousness which leads to all truth. I had to pray much until I became willing and when willing I had to turn round to my husband in fear and trembling and tell him what the Lord desired of me. He said, well he cared not what I did any more, he could go one way and I another. I could not endure that, I hid many times up in the attic and prayed God for help. I wandered out in the field in the bushes where I thought none but God could hear; there I would pour out my desire to God in behalf of my husband. I loved him yet I knew I had to love God more. Sometimes I got nearly discouraged, I have often lain prostrate on the ground and prayed God to let the earth open and swallow me up that I might be released, feeling that if it was his will I could die happy. I felt willing to do anything for Jesus' sake if only my husband was willing to let me do as the Lord led me. By this time the whole village was in an uproar, the finger of scorn was pointed at me. His friends said if I put on modest or plain clothing they would not look at me and his mother said if I should go any other way but the way the Lord said, my husband would go along, but O how could I. One Saturday evening I was alone, sitting on the doorstep, a beautiful evening, wondering and praying how this would end; laying down



the armor was everlasting death and to go forward was a warfare of sorrow. While I thus prayed looking upward to God and the beautiful stars that glittered, I thought I could almost behold the beauty of heaven, a voice said: tell your enemies your desire and if you have wronged any one restore it, make the crooked straight, the rough smooth and humble yourself. I said, O Lord, how can I tell them? If I do then they will tell my husband and it will make things worse. The tears dropped as I was thus talking with the Lord. A voice said: my grace is sufficient for you. I thought, anything Lord, if it was not for my husband, I could not give him up, he was always kind to me and O how can I. At that moment just across the street his brother commenced to play music and I felt heaven opened. I rose on my feet and ran and told them all my desire. I told them I would rather be despised in this world and be rich in Jesus. I can't tell you how the Lord filled my mouth. They had not the power to persecute me, they said it was all right, and I went home rejoicing. When I got home my companion had come home and all I told him about it, I was so blessed I could not keep the blessing. He told me to just go, the quicker the better he liked it.

One day I went in secret to pray. I closed my eyes and there beheld Christ before me at a long table with all the apostles and I was near him yet there was a fence between me and Jesus. He gave me a kind look but I saw there was yet something between me and Jesus. I worked on and on until the Saviour showed me that he died for me and bade me follow; next was the covering my husband kept me from wearing it for three long years they were to me. I wore a veil all the time; when I thought it proper I would ask him kindly and never ceased praying to God to answer my prayer. When I was baptized he said, don't bring those

clothes in the house, tomorrow morning we will divide our things. I tell you dear brethren and sisters, I prayed much that night for God to keep his strong hand over him and soften his strong heart. Next morning after breakfast he went down in the shop and started fire, so I felt I had gained the victory and O how I rejoiced! His brother who was working with him said, well are you most ready to let your hair grow long and many things. Up he came and washed and said, get ready, our departing time is at hand. I told him in all things I wanted to obey and be kind and do right with him but if I don't follow Jesus I will sink lower than the grave. I love you as ever and desire that your soul should be saved. I plead with him, he said no use, get ready. I went in the room to dress, praying to God in secret with all my might and strength, still trusting God. When I came out he had gone to work in the shop, and I suppose I felt like the children of Israel did, I rejoiced in the victory. This is not half but it is too lengthy. When I got closed in I gave myself up to them. Here I am, hang me up if you wish. I tell you, brethren, I did not dare to lose one victory or satan would have dragged me down. I dare not cease praying. One victory after another, yet far apart sometimes. I worked on for ten years, at last the Lord found way to his heart. O what a rejoicing time. O what happy seasons it is to be one in heart. I hear so many say of their burden and so sad on account of their companion not being converted. I feel for them. I would say to such, hold on to God, go forward in all things that the Lord requires at your hand; be kind and be a light before them; ever look to God; never cease praying for your companion in secret and also in their hearing whenever you can see that they are somewhat cast down with the trials and cares of this world. Tell them there

is a better home prepared for them. We can read that if we shall ask in faith we shall receive. I found it so. God's word is ever true and steadfast, nevertheless I have never ceased praying.

Down the stream of life together,  
We are sailing side by side;  
Hoping some bright day to anchor,  
Safe beyond the surging tide.

We meet some trials and difficulties but are not discouraged, knowing our leader bids us go forward. To those that stand alone and feel weak, I say, remember the Lord said he would strengthen the weak. He will hear your prayer by and by when he has tried you to see whether you are willing to give up all and cling to Him who has all power. Keep the fire burning on the altar, never let it go out. Pray without ceasing by the bedside in secret and he will reward you openly. It is very hard for such that strive against their companions. My husband felt he could not be heard. You will find his conversion in the VISITOR, May 1, 1891. I hope some dear ones may be strengthened to keep on praying.

From your sister,

LYDIA HAUSE.

Lawrenceville.

For the Evangelical Visitor.  
**SOUND SPEECH.**

Sound speech, that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you." Titus ii, 8.

This is a passage that contains a great deal; hence by the help and grace of God we will try and give our views on what constitutes sound speech. We all know that the apostle Paul, when he spoke these words to Titus, did not speak in vain.

Speech is something that is expressed by human beings and is heard by those which are around and about us. Therefore let it be sound or impure, and if it is the former as Paul says, it cannot be condemned; but if the latter it will

be condemned and we will be equally condemned with the one that is on the wrong side. Therefore in place of the one that is of the contrary part being ashamed, we are the ones that have to be ashamed for not being in our place and on our guard.

Now, dear brethren and sisters, how are we sometimes caught talking and using such speech as does not become our profession? Do we not feel guilty of the same? Certainly we do. How often is it the case when we talk with persons, that we talk too much about these temporal and perishable things. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. Col. iii, 2. I have seen and heard that when preaching or experience meeting was going on that brethren would stand outside and talk temporal things. I have done it myself already, but hope by the help and grace of God to get rid of the habit. This is a day set apart expressly to worship God. We can read that God is a spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. Now we know that if we have something natural to do, we try and get there early, and then we also get to work and try to put in a full day and not perhaps stand outside and talk about something else.

The Lord wants a good worker, sound and genuine speech connected with it and then it cannot be condemned.

Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth; but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers.

#### HYMN.

How careful then ought I to live,  
With what religious fear;  
Who, such a strict account must give,  
For my behavior here.

Your Brother,

CHRISTIAN O. LEHMAN.  
Culbertson, Pa.

#### For the Evangelical Visitor. THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Several thoughts are brought out in this lesson. The title, A Risen

Christ is itself a revelation. In the Sabbath School lessons preceding this, the apostles have everything to make them sad. The thought that Christ was soon to leave them and not being able to understand what he said to them, his death must have cast a gloom over their minds. What a change the words of this lesson bring before us. The Jews were very careful of the observance of their Sabbath, but as soon as the dawn appeared, we find these devoted women on their way to the sepulcher with the spices which they had prepared to anoint the body of Christ, and wondering who would roll away the stone for them.

But a wise Providence, always thoughtful of the care of his people, had sent his angels to comfort these women, not necessarily to roll away the stone so Christ could come forth, but that the women could see even the sepulcher guarded by angels. Nothing could be more comforting unless it be the voice of Jesus which she was soon to hear. While Mary stood there weeping, the angel asked what she was weeping for and her confession brought her face to face with Jesus.

That we shall be changed in the transition from earth to heaven, no one denies, but who shall say, we will not know our friends? Mary was overcome with joy at hearing her Master's voice and endeavored to embrace him, but the time had not yet come to indulge in fond embrace. Jesus, ever mindful of his Master's work has yet something to do—to commission his people! Go tell the story to a fallen world, making these women the first missionaries by saying, go, tell John and Peter, I'm risen from the dead; and unto the end of time, the cry goes forth, go tell the world Christ died; yea rather, is risen again.

MARY M. YODER.

A series of meetings began at Fairview, Montgomery Co., O., on Sat. evening Dec. 5th, Bros. Jacob Wingert, and David Free being there to conduct the meetings. On Monday, Bro. Free returned home, leaving the work mainly on Bro. Wingert, though Bro. S. L. Herr, living in the community, was in regular attendance to encourage him as much as possible. At first the attendance was very small, as

the meeting was announced only a short time before it began; but soon more people began coming in, and the Christian people manifested interest in the work by throwing in their might with us. One of Bro. Wingert's texts was, "God is love," and every Christian heart was refreshed and lifted up by his words of instruction from the same.

According to previous arrangement, Bro. Isaac Trump, of Polo, Ill., arrived on Thursday following. He came filled with the Holy Spirit, and though the Christian people here were greatly revived, yet his first theme, "Go forward," seemed to stir up and give new zeal to the workers. He continued laboring among us, visiting in the neighborhood in the day time, and preaching each evening until Wednesday evening Dec. 16th, when he thought it prudent to close the meetings on account of having an attack of the La Grippe, which made it very unpleasant for him to labor.

During his labor among us, we had the blessed privilege of hearing the word preached with power and in its purity, and could realize what it is to "sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Thank God for ministers who preach the whole Gospel, though it does not suit nature, or perhaps the majority of the people; and who, having the Holy Ghost dwelling in their souls, manifest the joyful spirit that David manifests in Psalms xxxii, 11. "Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice ye righteous; and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart."

While the Christian people thus had seasons of rejoicing, yet on the other hand, we could not help feeling sad since we could not see prodigals returning home. However we trust the seed fell upon good ground, and will spring up, if not at the present, sometime in the future, and bring forth fruit to the glory of God; for we were glad to notice that Bro. Trump had a good influence over the young people, and are confident that some were made to have serious thoughts concerning the salvation of their souls.

By proper treatment and several day's rest, his health became better so that he left our neighborhood on Saturday, Dec. 19th, and went to labor in another field in Clarke co., Ohio. May the Lord give him strength to labor and souls for his hire.

A HELPER.

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

## AFTER DARK IN ARABIA.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

He who died at Azan sends  
This to comfort all his friends :  
Faithful friends ! It lies, I know,  
Pale and white and cold as snow.  
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead !"   
Weeping at the feet and head.  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your sighs and prayers.  
Yet I smile and whisper this—  
"I am not the thing you kiss ;  
Cease your tears, and let it lie ;  
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends ! What the woman  
lave  
For its last bed of the grave!  
Is but a hut which I am quitting,  
Is a garment no more fitting,  
Is a cage from which, at last,  
Like a hawk my soul hath passed,  
Love the inmate, not the room—  
The wearer, not the garb—the plume  
Of the falcon, not the bars  
Which kept him from those splen-  
did stars.

Loving friends ! Be wise and dry  
Straightway every weeping eye—  
What ye lift upon the bier  
Is not worth a wistful tear.  
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one  
Out of which the pearl is gone ;  
The shell is broken, it lies there.  
The pearl, the all, the soul is here,  
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid  
Allah sealed, the while it hid  
That treasure of its treasury,  
A mind that loved him, let it lie !  
Let the shard be earth's once more  
Since the gold shines in his store !

Allah, glorious ! Allah, good !  
Now thy word is understood ;  
Now the long, long wonder ends,  
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,  
While the man whom ye call dead  
In unspoken bliss, instead,  
Lives and loves you ; lost 'tis true,  
By such light as shines for you ;  
But in the light ye cannot see  
Of unfulfilled felicity—  
In enlarging paradise  
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends ! Yet not farewell.  
Where I am, ye, too shall dwell.

For the Evangelical Visitor.

Dear Ed.—I am a boy twelve years  
old. I live in Sedgwick. I have six  
brothers, three living and four sis-  
ters. I go to church every Sunday,  
and I go to day school, and Sunday-

school also. Papa takes the VISITOR,  
and I like to read it. I must close  
or it will be too long. Mamma and  
papa could not do without the  
VISITOR. Good-by dear Ed.

CHARLIE STAUFFER.

Sedgwick, Kan. Jan. 3, 1892.

For the Evangelical Visitor.  
A LIFE WASTED.

About thirty years ago a gentle-  
man from New York, who was trav-  
eling in the South, met a young  
girl of great beauty and wealth  
and married her. They returned  
to New York, and plunged into a  
mad whirl of gayety. The young  
wife had been a gentle, thoughtful  
girl, anxious to help all suffering  
and want, and to serve God faith-  
fully ; but as Mrs. L—, she had  
troops of flatters. Her beauty and  
her dresses were described in the  
society journals ; her bon mots flew  
from mouth to mouth ; her equi-  
page was one of the most attrac-  
tive in the park. In a few months  
she was intoxicated with admira-  
tion. She and her husband flitted  
from New York to Newport, from  
London to Paris, with no object  
but enjoyment. There were other  
men and women of their class who  
had some other worthier pursuits—  
literature, or art or the elevation  
of the poorer class—but L—and  
his wife lived solely for amusement.  
They dressed, danced, flirted, hur-  
ried from ball to reception and from  
dinner to opera. Young girls look-  
ed at Mrs. L—with fervent admira-  
tion, perhaps with envy, as the  
foremost leader of society. About  
ten years ago she was returning  
from California, when an accident  
occurred on the railroad train on  
which she was a passenger, and she  
received a fatal internal injury.  
She was carried into a way side  
station, and there, attended only  
by a physician from a neighboring  
village, she died.

Dr. Blank said that it was one of  
the most painful experiences of his  
life.

I had to tell her she had but an

hour to live. She was not suffering  
any pain ; her only consciousness of  
hurt was that she was unable to  
move, so that it was no wonder she  
could not believe me.

"I must go home," she said im-  
peratively, to "New York."

"Madam, it is impossible. If you  
are moved it will shorten the time  
you have to live."

She was lying on the floor. The  
brakemen had rolled their coats to  
make her a pillow. She looked  
about her at the little dingy station  
with a stove, stained with tobacco,  
in the midst.

"I have but an hour, you tell me?"  
"Not more."

"And this is all that is left of the  
world? It is not much, doctor,"  
with a half smile.

The man left the room and I lock-  
ed the door that she might not be  
disturbed. She threw her arms  
over her face and lay quite a long  
time ; then she turned on me in a  
frenzy :

"To think of all that I might  
have done with my money and my  
time ! God wanted me to help the  
poor and the sick ; its too late now.  
I've only an hour !" She struggled  
up wildly. "Why, doctor, I did  
nothing—nothing but lead the fash-  
ion ! Great God ! the fashion ! Now  
I have only an hour ! An hour !"

But she had not even that, for the  
exertion had proved fatal, and in a  
moment she lay dead at my feet.

No sermon I ever heard was like  
the woman's despairing cry, "It's  
too late !" —Selected.

Where is the man or woman who  
has not some part in the training  
of children ? It must be borne in  
mind that children can be trained  
to bad as well as good ends. It is  
commonly supposed that only par-  
ents and teachers, or those who  
have a recognized guardianship  
over children, are interested in the  
subject of child-training, and are  
therefore about the only persons  
having responsibilities in that di-  
rection. Most others, supposing  
themselves exempt from such re-



sponsibilities, assume an attitude of indifference, not only to the whole subject, but to the claims and rights of children, even in their presence. But does it occur to such persons that they are pretty sure to be themselves training influences toward bad ends, even though they do not mean to be influences at all? Perhaps the greatest difficulty that well-meaning, devoted parents have to contend with in training their children rightly is, not disobedience, nor wilfulness, nor impetuosity, nor bad spirit in their children, but interference and adverse influence from other grown persons. Here, for instance, is a mother who is trying to impress her child with the importance of character. A visitor comes to that household table, and tells how she "hates" this one or that one because of certain defects of voice, or physiognomy, or dress. The child begins to establish a connection between superficial defects and character. It is needless to say that thus the child's standards of judgment are vitiated, and its own ideal of life lowered. Let every one, no matter in what position of life, consider himself a child-trainer, for good or ill, every time he is in the presence of impressible childhood.—Sel.

#### CRIME INCREASING.

One of the most alarming facts, if not the most of all, brought out by the census statistics is the great increase of crime in this country. They show a large per cent of increase in the last decade of defalcations, embezzlements, thefts, burglaries, divorces, suicides, murders, and assassinations. What does it mean? Is Christianity a failure? Are the pulpits, the Sunday school teachers, and the home instructions inefficient? or rather are they, despite fidelity to their trust and zeal in the prosecution of their righteous works, ineffectual in their efforts to grapple with the powers of darkness?

We believe the latter to be the correct answer. It seems that the

perilous times predicted by the apostle in 2 Timothy iii, are upon us, when, despite the efforts of ministers of the Gospel and the God-fearing people, evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived. Read the first five verses of that chapter, and compare it with the census statement of the increase of crime in our country, and ask yourself whether or not the time prophesied is at hand.

Whether the answer is in the affirmative or the negative, one thing is certain, the census showing on this point is sufficient to alarm every lover not only of the church, but of our free institutions. Riches, licentiousness, and drunkenness overthrew the republics of Greece and Rome. Will they overthrow the great American republic? They will, unless the leaven of Christianity overthrows them.

Commenting on the census showing, *The Advance*, of Chicago, which is far from being a pessimistic or sensational paper, says:

That with all our appliances of civilization, improved institutions, and organizations for the promotion of human welfare, crime should be on the increase, is a matter for serious consideration. Of course this increase is subject to the universal law that every effect has its cause. Crime is not increasing without its causes. And first among these causes is the liquor traffic. The recently published statistics in regard to this traffic are startling. According to the census and internal revenue reports there are only five states in the union where the number of liquor sellers is not more than one to one thousand inhabitants, while in such a state as Massachusetts there is one to 514 inhabitants, in Pennsylvania one to 478, in Ohio one to 261, in Illinois one to 257, in New York one to 157, in California one to 91, in Montana one to 60. These men are not all intentional corrupters of society. But the connection of the saloon with crime has been too often proved to admit of contradiction; and it is doubtful whether there ever was a time when it was such a headquarters of corrupting, law-defying and crime-encouraging influences as at present. It not only breeds crime, but is defying and debauching the law-making and the law-enforcing authorities of our cities.

In addition to this, it names as other causes gambling, the large emigration from abroad, and the

prohibition of corporal punishment in the public schools. It then says:

Then as to temperance movements and reform agencies. It must not be forgotten that while these are active, yet they are opposed by a majority of the leading daily journals of the country. Not a few of these influential papers are more antagonistic to temperance organizations than they are to the saloons. And the same may be said in regard to their attitude toward the churches. Some of these journals contain almost daily attacks upon the churches and Christian people. Their slurs, and thrusts, and enmities would indicate that they consider the churches and Christian people far worse enemies of society than the saloons and gamblers. The plain fact is that a large part of the daily press is sowing the field with tares.

That this severe arraignment of the secular press is in many instances richly deserved is only a deplorable fact. Our country, especially our large cities, is being flooded with Sabbath-desecrating, beer-loving, freethinking foreigners, such as were described by Prof. W. O. Krohn in last week's issue, who soon become citizens; and, once equipped with the power to vote, secular papers and politicians truckle to them, and to secure their favor, decry our American Sabbath and restrictive laws, which lie at the very foundation of pure public morals.

The *Advance* continues as follows:

Again, not a little of the teaching of the day on important subjects is of a character to overturn the essential principles of morality. Here, for example, is the attempt becoming more and more common, to make it appear that intemperance is only a physical evil, "for which man is no more to blame than for the rheumatism." Of course this removes all moral responsibility from drunkenness and its consequent iniquities and crimes. The man who tips until he becomes a drunkard, and beats his wife and starves his children, and in a drunken brawl kills his fellow, is, according to this philosophy, as much to be pitied as a victim of rheumatism. It is a new philosophy for the drunkard, but death to society.

Some of the teaching heard from the pulpit is but little better. When men are told that the race sinned and the same reason that children fall down when learning to walk, if they are at all inclined to practice what they preached, a great many of them will fall down. And when the whole idea of guilt is undermined in order to overthrow the doctrine of the atonement



and the doctrine of future penalty, society can not but suffer from it.

What is needed just now is to call a halt on the people who are sowing our goodly land with tares. Newspaper editors who are helping the devil should get around on the side of righteousness; preachers who are preaching religion down should turn about and preach it up, and that class of literary people who are sowing the world with unbelief and pollution should quit their wickedness, and sow it with faith and righteousness. In the meantime the good people who are so fast asleep that they do not see the evil of these things should wake up and watch and work.

We indorse every word of the above, and in addition would advise our people to read 2 Tim. iii, 1-5 and 14, 15; and heed the apostle's admonition. The more wicked the world, the greater the need of faith and diligence on the part of those who profess to be the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.—Religious Telescope.

#### AN ACROSTIC FOR THE EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. Eccl. 11, 7.

His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me. Solomon's Song, 2, 6.

Even us, whom he hath called, not of the Jews only, but also of the Gentiles? Romans 9, 24.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believed in God, believe also in me. St. John 14, 1.

O Lord rebuke me not in thy wrath: neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure. Psal. 38, 1.

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright. Psal. 33, 1.

Daniel answered and said, blessed be the name of God for ever and ever: for wisdom and might are his. Dan. 2, 20.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. St. John 15, 1.

So the last shall be first, and the first last: for many be called, but few chosen. St. Matthew 20, 16.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and

of the Holy Ghost. St. Matthew 28, 19.

O give thanks to the Lord of Lords: for his mercy endureth for ever. Psal. 136, 1.

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me. Psal. 139, 1.

Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts. Psal. 125, 4.

MOLLIE I. BURKHOLDER.

Casstown, O.

#### *Thy Kingdom Come.—Concluded.*

##### EXPLANATORY.

The following is the conclusion of the poetry, "Thy Kingdom Come," commenced on the first page and is continued on the second. By some mishap, the last page of the copy was mislaid, and it was not discovered until one side of the paper was printed:

Plain tokens of the latter days  
As budding fig trees rise;  
Lift up your heads in joyful lays,  
Behold with wistful eyes!

In surfeit and in drunkenness  
Vain servants will be found;  
White linen robes of righteousness,  
In such the saints abound.

Oh waiting bride of Zion's King!  
Oh Virgin souls prepare!  
For soon, the Lamb's new song will sing,  
For soon, His kingdom share.

H. N. ENGLE.

#### A BOOK OF ERRORS.

The religious denomination known as "The Seventh day Adventists" is publishing a work entitled, "Bible Readings," etc., etc., and has agents employed all over the country to sell that book, for the purpose of clandestinely disseminating their peculiar heterodox sentiments, such as the unconscious state of the dead, the annihilation of the wicked, etc. Their views of the millennium, the judgment and kindred doctrines are not only unscriptural, but absurd. The book is gotten up in good style and made attractive by numerous illustrations. It consists in questions and answers. The undersigned, having examined this book and found it full of errors and heresies, would caution the readers of *The Advocate*

against its purchase.—Published by request. A. H. LONG.

It is a weary, burdened face the world carries; whether or not it is because of failure to get at the problem of life by the right end, certain it is that most men and women want a lift on their loads. Religion nowhere offers a palace-car route to glory; on the contrary it seems to add fresh care and responsibility and to increase the activity of the soul's foes. It does for one, however, that thing most essential to rest and comfort, by means of its provision against worry. The child of God has no possible occasion to borrow trouble. His father looks out the lines into tomorrow, and promises to provide for any and all contingencies. And undoubtedly worry is the heavy end of life's burdens: so that faith has after all something better than to sit with folded hands; and that is to enjoy the dignity of labor, the blessedness of care, without frictions of anxiety.—Sel.

#### MARRIED.

ESHLEMAN—SHANK.—Married, Dec. 10, 1891, by Elder Aaron C. Wingert at his residence, Mr. Daniel Eshleman to Miss Anna E. Shank, all of Washington Co., Maryland.

ENGLE—HEISE.—Married, Dec. 24, 1891, by Rev. Noah Zook, of Abilene, Kan., at the home of the bride's parents near Falls City, Nebraska, Enos N. Engle of Belle Springs, Kan., to Miss Adella Heise of the former place.

#### OUR DEAD.

STROCK.—Died, Sunday, Dec. 27, 1891, at her home at Belle Springs, Kansas, Mrs. Elisabeth A., wife of Alfred B. Strock, of la grippe, aged 54 years, 3 months, 26 days. Deceased was born in Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, where she was reared and spent many years of her married life, removing to her western home in '84. Sixteen years ago she was happily converted to the Lord and united with the church of God of which body she has been a consistent and beloved member ever since. Her many Christian qualities won for her the sincere respect of many warm friends. These virtues will doubtless prove a constant inspiration to the sorrowing husband, son and two daughters. The funeral was held in the Bell Springs church, Brother Jacob Eshelman and Elder Samuel Zook conducting the service. Interment in Belle Springs cemetery. JNO. H. ENGLE.